

# THE KALIDA VENTURE.

Equal Laws—Equal Rights, and Equal Burdens—The Constitution and its Currency.

VOL. V.—NO. 3.

KALIDA, PUTNAM COUNTY, OHIO, FRIDAY, MARCH 7, 1845.

WHOLE NO. 211.

## POETRY.

### The strength of Tyranny.

The tyrants chains are only strong  
While slaves submit to wear them,  
And who could bind them on the throng  
Determined not to bear them?  
Then clank your chains,—even tho' their links  
Were light as fashion's feather,  
The heart which rightly feels and thinks  
Would cast them all together.

The lords of earth are only great,  
While others clothe and feed them!  
But where were all their pride and state  
Should labor cease to bear them?  
The swain is higher than the king—  
Before the laws of Nature,  
The monarch were a useless thing,  
The swain a useful creature.

We toil, we spin, we delve the mine,  
Sustaining each his neighbor—  
And who can hold a right divine  
To rob us of our labor?  
We rush to battle—bear our lot  
In every ill and danger,  
And who shall make the peaceful cot  
To homely joy a stranger?

Perish all tyrants far and near,  
Beneath the chains that bind us—  
And perish too that serve for  
Which makes the slaves they find us.  
One grand, one universal claim—  
One pen of moral thunder—  
One glorious burst in Freedom's name,  
And rend our bonds asunder!

## MISCELLANY.

### The Widow and her Son.

BY WASHINGTON IRVING

I approached the grave. The coffin was placed on the ground. On it were inscribed the name and age of the deceased.—“GEORGE SOMERS, aged 25 years.” The poor mother had been assisted to kneel down at the head of it. Her withered hands were clasped, as if in prayer; but I could perceive, by a feeble rocking of the body, and a convulsive motion of the lips, that she was gazing on the last relics of her son with the yearnings of a mother's heart.

Preparations were made to deposit the coffin in the earth. There was that bustling stir, which breaks so harshly on the feelings of grief and affliction; directions were given in the cold tones of business; and there was the striking of spades into sand and gravel, which at the grave of those we love, is of all sounds most writhing. The bustle around seemed to waken the mother from a wretched reverie. She raised her glazed eyes, and looked about with a faint wildness.

As the men approached with cords, to lower the coffin into the grave, she wrung her hands, and broke into an agony of grief. The women who attended her took her by the arm, endeavored to raise her from the earth, and to whisper something like consolation.

“Nay now; nay, now—don't take it so sorely to heart.”

But the mother could only shake her head, and wring her hands, as one not to be comforted.

As they lowered the body into the earth, the creaking of the cords seemed to agonize her; but when, on some accidental obstruction, there was a jostling of the coffin, all the tenderness of the mother burst forth; as if any harm could come to him, who was far beyond the reach of worldly suffering.

I could see no more—my heart swelled into my throat—my eyes filled with tears—I felt as if I were acting a barbarous part in standing by and gazing idly on the scenes of maternal anguish. I wandered to another part of the churchyard, where I remained until the funeral train had dispersed.

It was some time before I left the place. On my way homeward, I met with the woman who had acted as comforter. She was just returning from accompanying the mother to her lonely habitation, and I drew from her some particulars connected with the affecting scene I had witnessed.

The parents of the deceased had resided in the village from childhood. They had inhabited one of the neatest cottages, and by various rural occupations, and the assistance of a small garden, had supported themselves creditably and comfortably, and led a happy and blameless life. They had one son, who had grown up to be the staff and pride of their age.

But, unfortunately, this son was tempted, during a year of scarcity and agricultural hardship, to enter into the service of one of the small craft that plied on a neighboring river. He had not been long in this employ, when he was entrapped by a pressgang, and carried off to sea. His parents received tidings of his seizure, but beyond that they could learn nothing. It was the loss of their main prop. The father, who was already infirm, grew heartless and melancholy, and sunk into his grave. The widow, left lonely in her age and feebleness, could no longer support herself, and came upon the parish.

Time passed on, till one day she heard the cottage door, which faced the garden, suddenly open. A stranger came out, and seemed to be looking eagerly and wildly around. He was dressed in seamen's clothes, was emaciated and ghastly pale, and bore the air of one broken by sickness and hardships. He saw his mother and hastened toward her, but his steps were faint and faltering; he sunk on his knees before her, and sobbed like a child. The poor woman gazed upon him with a vacant and wondering eye.

“O, my dear, dear mother! don't you know your son? your poor boy, George?”

It was, indeed, the wreck of her once

noble lad; who, shattered by wounds, by sickness, and foreign imprisonment, had at length dragged his wasted limbs homeward, to repose among the scenes of his childhood. The rest of the story is soon told. The young man lingered but a few weeks, when death came to his relief.

The next Sunday after the funeral I have described, I was at the village church; when to my surprise, I saw the poor woman tottering down the aisle, to her accustomed seat on the steps of the altar. She had made an effort to put on something like mourning for her son; and nothing could be more touching than this struggle between pious affection and utter poverty; a black ribbon or so, a faded black handkerchief, and one or two more such humble attempts to express by outward signs, the grief which passed show.

When I looked round upon the storied monuments, the stately hatchments, the cold marble pomp, with which grandeur mourned magnificently over departed pride, and turned to this poor widow, bowed down by age and sorrow, at the altar of her God, and offering up the prayers and praises of a pious, though a broken heart, I felt that this living monument of real grief was worth them all.

I related her story to some of the wealthy members of the congregation, and they were moved by it. They exerted themselves to render her situation more comfortable, and to lighten her afflictions. It was, however, but smoothing a few steps to the grave. In the course of a Sunday or two after, she was missed from her usual seat at church; and before I left the neighborhood, I heard, with a feeling of satisfaction, that she had quietly breathed her last, and had gone to rejoice those she loved, in that world where sorrow is never known, and friends are never parted.

INTERESTING INCIDENT.—One of those remarkable incidents, for which a reflecting mind requires a more reasonable train of causes than those of mere chance, occurred in this city on last Friday. As Mr. Hartmann Ficht, Decorative Artist, No. 352 Pearl street, a native of Germany, but for ten years a resident of this country, and who is well and favorably known as the designer and executor of the paintings in the Floating Chapel and other churches in this city, was walking in Broadway, he was accosted in French by a gentleman near his own age, nearly sixty, who asked to be directed to Broadway. Mr. Ficht replied “this is it,” and looking at the stranger, with a faint idea that his features were not altogether unfamiliar, engaged him in a short conversation, which ended by Mr. F. inquiring, “Do you know me?” The stranger perused his features intently, and replied, “Are you Ficht?” “I am; and so you are—!” was the answer, and the two old men almost rushed into each others arms. The story is this:

They were both comrades under Napoleon. They belonged to the 8th Regiment of Hussars, and fought side by side in Austria and Prussia, and were together during the campaign in Russia, and the disastrous but brilliant retreat that ensued. The regiment was 1000 strong when it entered Russia; when it reached Moscow it numbered but three hundred, and forming part of the advance guard under Murat, was almost daily in battle. After the retreat, but ten could be found of the whole regiment, among whom were these two comrades. Mr. Ficht was taken prisoner during the retreat and separated from his companion, and after many romantic hardships and adventures, removed in his old age to this country, where he expects to end his days, but still as ready to draw his sword for his adopted land as he was for his Emperor. All the other survivors of that ill-fated regiment have since died, and Mr. F. supposed himself the last, until the other day, when, after more than thirty years' separation, his old companion thus chanced to accost him in a crowded street, in a strange city, and among a population of nearly 400,000 souls. A more remarkable instance of the kind never occurred.

A few moments only were all the two old veterans had in which to talk over the past. The stranger had passed through various vicissitudes, and had just arrived in this city on his way to join his sons, who had settled in the far West, and who were to meet him in Albany on the next day. They parted after this short interview, never in all probability, to meet again, until they, with all their old regiment, are summoned by a louder blast than over woke them from their slumbers on the battle field.

If you have a horse that refuses to draw, just take a cat and tie it on the horse's back; then get in the carriage and begin to whip the cat; this will set the cat to scratching and biting the horse, and rely on it, that if you are not very careful, the horse will run away with you and the cat both together.—*Boston Daily Times.*

☞ Avoid a man that's all jaw. Remember the more a person talks the less he knows. It's your lean geese that's always cackling—not your fat ones.

A bankruptcy of moral principle is the worst bankruptcy that can be imagined.

Working men, let your sweat drops wash all dishonesty from your gains.

☞ O, my dear, dear mother! don't you know your son? your poor boy, George?” It was, indeed, the wreck of her once

### Mr. O'Connell's Habits and Religious views.

Mr O'Connell is one of the pleasantest men I ever met with. No one can be many seconds in his company without feeling at the most perfect ease. He converses, as may be inferred from what I have already said, in the most free and familiar manner with all who are admitted to his society. There is nothing stiff or distant in his manner; nothing in look, tone or word, or action, which indicates any sense of superiority to those around him. There is a simplicity and artlessness about him which are perfectly child-like, and are exceedingly winning to strangers. You ask yourself, can you be actually conversing in this easy and familiar manner with one who, for the last thirty years, has filled so large a space, not only in England and Ireland's eye, but in the eye of the world? You ask yourself, can this be the man who has played so prominent a part on the stage of political life? who is at this moment, in some respects, the monarch of Ireland? Yet so it is. Such is Mr. O'Connell. No one, no matter how opposed to him he may be in politics can be any time in his society without being fascinated by his pleasing manner, and delighted with his conversation. In private, Mr. O'Connell has no enemies. He never had any; it is impossible he could. They who have never met with him often entertain, owing to antagonistic views on political questions, very strong prejudices against him; but the moment such persons enter into conversation with him, their prejudices vanish, and feelings of admiration and friendship take the place of dislike.

Some very extraordinary instances of the transformation of violent prejudices against Mr. O'Connell into equally strong prepossessions in his favor, as the result of a short personal interview, have at different times, come under my own personal observation. In private he rarely talks of politics. A stranger might be hours in his company before he discovered, from any thing that escaped his lips, that he is the greatest political agitator which the world has produced. He talks about every variety of topics without saying a word, unless led to it by others respecting the part which he himself has so long played, and still continues to play, on the stage of political life. He is a man of superior conversational powers; his information is varied. I was surprised to find that a man who had devoted so much of his time, ever since he was called to the bar, to professional pursuits, and the emancipation of his country from what he considers an unjust, and degrading bondage—I was surprised to find that such a man, in a company of about twenty persons, most of them belonging to the learned professions, should display a variety and accuracy of knowledge on general topics, which none of their number could make any pretensions to. His attainments as a theologian are also of a superior order.

Mr. O'Connell is a man of excellent business habits. This fact is not known in England. I am not sure that it is so even in Ireland, beyond the sphere of personal acquaintances. He does every thing by system; all his movements are made in accordance with previous arrangements. Even when in the zenith of his professional reputation and success as a barrister, he was ever assiduous and systematic in his attention to matters of miscellaneous business. What may appear still more extraordinary, he was never known to omit or neglect the most trivial matters, provided he had engaged to give his attention to them, during the five months of last year when the monster meetings were being held. I met with a gentleman in Dublin who has had a word of private business to transact with Mr. O'Connell; and he assured me that never, in all his intercourse with public men, did he meet with one on whose punctuality to his appointments, or fulfillment of his promises, he could more confidently rely, than on those of Mr. O'Connell. The reader will not, after this, be surprised to learn that Mr. O'Connell is an early riser. He is usually up between five and six in the morning, in winter as well as summer. He is also exceedingly temperate, if left to his own taste, he would seldom, if at all, partake of even a single glass of wine. For the sake of others, he does take one or two glasses, but rarely more, at dinner.—Whiskey punch, which is so great a favorite in Ireland, is not patronized by O'Connell. He retires to bed early. Except in some very peculiar cases, he never remains in company after ten o'clock; no matter whose guest he may be, or who may be his guest, he leaves the table at ten o'clock, and very soon after retires to bed. His regular and abstemious habits have, doubtless, much to do with the excellent health which he is known to enjoy. And here I may mention, by way of parenthesis, that though I have been in the habit of seeing Mr. O'Connell for nearly twelve years, he looked quite as well, and as hale and hearty last autumn, as when I first saw him in the beginning of 1833.

There is another trait in Mr. O'Connell's character, which I mention last, in order that it may make the deepest impression. He is a religious man; eminently so, according to the views of the church to which he belongs. My own principles being Protestant, while those of Mr. O'Connell are Roman Catholic, I have the greatest pleasure in bearing testimony to the fervor of his devotional feelings, and to the exemplary attentions which he pays to the injunctions of the Church at Rome. Through a long life—one, as all the world knows, of a most exciting, and distracting, and soul-absorbing, kind—Mr. O'Connell has not, I am assured, permitted a single day, winter or summer—except, it may be, in a few cases of extreme urgency, arising from bodily illness or other causes—to pass over his head, without attending to his public as well as private devotions.

Every morning, as the clock strikes seven, is Mr. O'Connell to be seen entering the chapel to attend mass. I was told by one who is intimately acquainted with him, that he also takes the communion daily; but on that point I do not speak with the same confidence. The time he daily spends in his devotions at chapel, is about an hour. A little after eight o'clock he returns to his own house. Soon after this he takes his breakfast, and then prepares for the secular duties of the day. What a rebuke to many Protestants who make great professions of religion, is administered by the regular, unostentatious and exemplary conduct of Mr. O'Connell, in reference to his religious duties—exemplary according to the light which Heaven has given him.—*Grant's Ireland.*

FRINDISH BARBARITY TO A MOTHER AND THREE CHILDREN.—The New Orleans papers contain accounts of a most fiendish case of barbarity that has come to light in that city. The Mayor had received an anonymous letter hinting that some thing wrong was going on in a house at the corner of the Bayou Road and Tremé street—and that there he would find the proofs. The Mayor and Recorder accordingly repaired to the spot indicated—and discovered Mrs. Rabenock, the lady of the house, with three of her children, aged 7, 4, and 2 years, confined in a back cabinet, all of them in a most horrid condition, dressed in rags, covered with dirt, and so emaciated that it appeared astonishing that they could support life. The body of Mrs. R. was covered with bruises from her head to her feet, and in many places showed marks where the instruments of flagellation had broken the skin. Both of her eyes were blackened and her hair was matted with blood. The three children presented nearly the same shocking condition—one of the children cut to pieces with a whip and its eyes bruised and swollen—the other two burnt in several places with a red hot iron. Upon being questioned by the Mayor, as to the cause of her condition, Mrs. R., seeing that her slave Pauline was present, answered that she had been beaten by her husband, and showed much agitation and fear whenever the eyes of her servant were turned upon her. Upon the servant being removed, Mrs. R. stated that she was afraid of telling the truth in her presence, for fear that she would kill her and her children. Her husband, she stated, had been absent on a visit to Missouri for the last six weeks, since which time Pauline had taken possession of her keys and bed room, and confined herself and children in her (Pauline's) room, where they had been beaten almost daily by Pauline, with a cane or strap, and had been furnished with barely sufficient food to support life. In truth, according to her deposition, her husband had himself given her many of the wounds which appeared upon her body. He had abandoned her, driven her from her bed and taken the negro slave in her place, and during his absence, the wife and her children have been victims of the savage cruelty of the slave, following the example and not without the approbation of the husband and father.—The sum of \$220 was found upon the slave, who was consigned in irons to the Parish Jail, there to await the visitation of justice, under the black code, which is death if found guilty.

A HIT AT BEARDS.—An Armenian Priest, who rejoiced in an extremely long beard, preaching one day, remarked in the church a peasant whose fearful eyes were constantly fixed on him. When the congregation had left the church, the priest, who had not lost sight of the man, approached, and said to him: “My friend, I marked the attention with which you listened to me, and I thought I perceived the traces of sadness in your face; open your heart to me—confide your troubles, and if it is in my power to soothe them, believe me, I shall do so with pleasure. My words, perhaps,—” “I do not comprehend exactly what you wish to say, sir,” interrupted the man, “that I am sad, is true, but your sermon was not the cause, for to tell you the truth, I did not listen to it.”—“And what then could have occasioned the tears I saw you shed?” “Oh! sir, that is another matter—listen, I am a poor man with a large family; all my fortune consisted in a goat which my wife, my children, and myself, loved dearly—for she nourished with her milk my youngest child. Well, sir, I have lost her! ten days have passed and we know not what has become of her. To-day, when I saw you, I could not restrain my tears, for you resemble so closely my lost animal, that I thought on seeing you, that it was our poor goat.”

After these words, the peasant went away, and one can easily imagine the astonishment which this answer gave the Armenian priest.

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MARONEDAN VIEWS OF AMERICAN POLITICS.—A learned friend, says the N. O. Picayune, who speaks of getting up a polyglot upon the principle of Ericsson's propeller, has furnished us with a free translation from our Constantinople files, of an article upon the Presidential election. The followers of Allah and the Prophet have taken some interest in American affairs since Eckford, the ship constructor visited their country, and built ships for the Sultan. Their progress made in the knowledge of our concerns, may be gathered from the following extract. The barbarians have not quite got the hang of things yet; but all due allowances considered, they are as well informed as some christian folks who descend upon Uncle Sam's business with great freedom and self satisfaction.

“Of the three candidates,” says the Constantinople editor, “two are men of remarkable endowments, and the other is naturally popular in the Southern States. In the North, where there are fewer people of color, the struggle will be a close one between Mr. Kai and Mr. Pulk; but in the South Mr. Birnee, he being a black man, will, of course, carry every thing before him; should either of the former be chosen, it is understood that the friends of the other will hang themselves in order to escape proscription—a species of guillotine very much dreaded by politicians, and said to be an improvement upon the bow-string. In case Mr. B. should triumph, there appears to be no doubt that the whole white population will be put to the sword. Of course the success of either of the first named gentlemen will insure the decapitation of the negroes, and produce a foreign war, as Great Britain has sworn to protect a race of people from which she gathers so much wool to pull over other people's eyes.”

ADMIRABLE LETTER FROM FATHER MATHEW.—The subjoined letter from the great Irish apostle of temperance will be read with pleasure, by every friend of temperance and of man. It will be seen that he cherishes still the hope of visiting this country, upon the restoration of his pecuniary affairs. The letter is addressed to a protestant gentleman of Philadelphia, says the U. S. Gazette, and is in these terms:

CORK, Dec. 21st, 1844.

“My dear Friend:—Whilst I acknowledge with gratitude your generous gift, it affects me to be burdensome to any one in the States, before I was privileged to accomplish the dearest wish of my heart—a visit to America.

“Your letter is brief, but like the Dove returning to the Ark, with the olive branch, it announces that harmony and peace have again established their throne in Philadelphia. May the recent events be forgotten forever!

“The prospect of fulfilling my promise, and of taking by the hand my high-minded, self-denying friends, in your happy country, consoles and cheers me. As yet I cannot name a time, for the unexpected embarrassments that fell upon me, have deranged all my plans. Last June I was resolved on crossing the Atlantic, but these painful, though then concealed circumstances, prevented me. They have accidentally been made public, and with the munificence of my friends, I will soon be free to resume my exertions in the sacred cause of temperance.

“The exceeding promptness of your donation for my relief, enhances its value an hundred fold, for it has reached me before I could think my embarrassments were known in the United States. That God may confer on you all spiritual and temporal happiness is the ardent prayer of,

“Yours, gratefully and devotedly,  
“THEOBOLD MATHEW.”

SUPPORT YOUR OWN COUNTY PAPER.—We think every impartial man will admit that country papers are not as well supported as they ought to be, yet these same men, or many of them, turn their backs upon their own county papers, and give their support to some overgrown city paper perhaps cheaper and larger, and containing rather more reading matter. We admit that in consequence of the enormous patronage these papers receive, having in some instances over forty thousand subscribers, instead of one thousand, which is more than the average of country papers, their pay, invariably in advance, never losing a dollar by poor subscribers, and their facilities for printing by steam, they are enabled to furnish their paper cheaper than we do or can; but nevertheless it seems to be necessary, especially in a political point of view, to have a county paper, and to have one it must be supported and the better it is supported the better it can be made. Who then will not cast in his mite by subscribing for his county paper. Support that first, and then if you please, support foreign papers, but don't starve your own printer who is doing all he can, and then curse him for letting his paper run down, or not making it better. Give your county paper a liberal support, and then if it is not what it should be, curse it, and quit it, but not before.—*Trumbull Democrat.*

UNPARALLELED CONDUCT.—The Speaker of the Senate, in appointing a committee of Conference on the bank bill, selected, on the part of the Senate, three whigs—not putting a democrat on the committee. We believe this has no parallel for its one sidedness. So much for the commencement of the Bank Monarchy.—*Ohio Statesman.*